

A REMONSTRANCE.

["In all created nature there is not, perhaps, anything so completely ugly as a pillar-box." —*Essay on William Morris, "Twelve Types,"* by G. K. Chesterton.]

ALAS! if men would only think
Before they play with pen and ink,
What misery is sometimes wrung
From those at whom their words are
flung.

For years upon the public way
I've done my duty day by day,
Content to be of use to men,
For people blindly loved me then.
Unhappy now I stand, confused,
By every one alike abused,
The letters, posted with a frown,
Half choke me as Igulp them down.

My colour, once a "cheerful red,"
Now fills the passer-by with dread,
I'm called as ugly as can be
By followers of G. K. C.

Come, London fogs, enwrap me round,
Conceal me and my grief profound;
No martyr catalogued by Fox
Has suffered as this pillar-box!

CHARIVARIA.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have published a book entitled *Britain at Work*. This is not, as its name might lead one to believe, a treatise on Sport.

The publisher of *The Unspeakable Scot* announces that *The Egregious English* is now nearly ready. Other volumes in the series are, we hear, to be *The Indolent Irish*, *The Wobblesome Welsh*, *The Frivolous French*, *The Gregarious German*, *The Unreliable Russ*, and *The Double Dutch*.

People are asking what an article on "London Cemeteries" is doing in "Living" London.

The Academy recently tried to discover which was the best read book of the season. A work modestly entitled *The Little Red Book* has now appeared.

A Misogynist writes to draw our attention to the publication of what he imagines to be a new Lady's paper, entitled *The Cat World*.

Books on Gardens and Gardening seem to be quite the rage just now. In order to be in the swim the Board of Agriculture has just issued a little brochure on "Onions." It is something of a novelty for a Government Department to be up-to-date.

Coincidences are always interesting. In a recent list of Messrs. THACKER'S the following items appear next to one



FORE!

"Now, SIR, BE JUDGE YOURSELF, WHETHER I IN ANY JUST TERM AM AFFIN'D TO LOVE THE MOOR."
Othello, Act I., Sc. 1.

another: "The Management of Children in India" and "The Rod in India."

And it sounds like exaggeration, but the latter book is by Dr. BIRCH. Which makes us wonder whether "THACKER" is a misprint for "THWACKER."

We are not surprised to hear that Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. are at last considering what steps can be taken to prevent their bookstalls being used by mean persons as public libraries. It seems that a most flagrant instance has recently been brought under their notice. At a station near London a gentleman was not only in the habit of taking up a book from the stall to read while he was waiting for his train, but he would actually insert a bookmark in the place where he left off, so that he could resume his reading the next day.

We have often heard that those engaged in commerce will always throw in their weight to prevent a War. In future the huge reading public will do

likewise. Over 150 books have been written on the Boer War.

THE OLD YEAR'S BURDEN.
THE old year's passing-bell once more
On midnight's solemn hush is break-
ing;

Now "right guid willie-waughts" galore
Unnumbered Scots are freely taking.
Now o'er the twelvemonth that is past
I let my recollections wander,
And while its sands are running fast,
Over its chequered haps I ponder.
I reckon up its many scars—
The traces of the wounds it gave me;
I rue the bruises and the jars
From which my caution could not
save me,
Then, when the balance has been struck,
To ease my debt of melancholy
I claim full credit for my luck,
And curse the old year for my folly.

MOTTO FOR DECORATION OF A ROOM
DEDICATED TO THE PREVAILING SCOURGE.—
"Honi soit qui mal y ping-pongse."



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT. TIME—Midnight, December 31.

DELHI.*
JANUARY 1, 1903.

OUT of the East, with lifted heart,
England, Empress, isled in the West !
Far from our face, unseen of our eyes,
But ever in dreams made near and dear,
But ours, by knowledge of faith, confessed ;—
Out of the East, with lifted heart,
From under the glare of brazen skies,
From trackless jungle and steaming mart,
From the palms that fringe our Southward seas,
From upland valleys of green Kashmir,
Cool with the kiss of the mountain breeze,
Where the snows lie white on our Northern wall—
Out of the East we call, we call !

We bow to gods not thine ;
Time-old our temples stand for sign
Of creeds we fostered ere thy Christ was born,
And yet, because thou gavest life
Loosed from the strain of inward strife,
Larger, more whole, more free ;
Because thy lips were not forsworn,
But righteousness, with fearless face,
Spoke gently from thy judgment-place ;
Therefore to thee—
Yielding the rest for this one pride alone,
Just for the right to have our part
In that high splendour reared about thy throne—
Out of the East we call with lifted heart !

* These lines, appearing on the eve of the Coronation Durbar, anticipate the special attention which Mr. Punch proposes to devote to that theme in his next issue.

League-wide over the laughing plain
Where the tents are strewn and the pennons dance,
Delhi, washed of her ancient stain,
Gleams to the glint of sabre and lance
Proved in the heat of a hundred fights,
By the thunder of Kabul's ford in spate,
On Egypt's sand, in the havoc of Tirah's heights.
Voice of the East that names thy name :
England, to thee, to thee—
Since thine in all that our hearts may spend,
Strength or beauty, thine we are to the end :
For peace, the Pearl of thine Orient sea ;
For war, the leopard to guard thy landward gate ;
Thine to share in thy fame or shame,
To stand with thee, with thee to fall—
Out of the East, thy East, we call, we call. O. S.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(Made on New Year's Eve, 1902.)

LIST to their aims, and bow your head in wonder !

W. S. Gilbert.



The Lord Mayor's. Troth to give good example to my successors !—*Ben Jonson* (*The New Inn*, iii. 1).



The Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour's.

(To) Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.

Bp. Stillingfleet.



General Botha's. (To) Open-handed sit upon the clouds
And press the liberality of Heaven.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, i. 1).

Sir Francis Jeune's. To look matrimony in the face.
Congreve (*Love for Love*, i. 2).



Sir Thomas Lipton's. (To be) In every dish and pot,
In every cup and company, My lords.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).

Sir John Aird's. More dams I'll make.

Shakespeare (*The Tempest*, ii. 2).

Mr. William Redmond's. To confine my tongue, lest it
confine me.—*Maxim.*



Mr. Keir Hardie's.

Costly (my) habit as (my) purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, i. 3).

Miss Marie Corelli's. I would rail in my writings and be
revenged.—*Congreve* (*Love for Love*, i. 2).



Sir Wilfrid Lawson's. (To) Always . . . conjugate
Bibo, I drink, correctly.—*Browning.*



M. Santos-Dumont's. He means to erect a castle in the air
And fly.—*Ben Jonson* (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).



Mr. Punch's. To make the hearts of a whole nation smile.
Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*).

**DURBAR PUZZLES.—NO. 1.**

TO FIND YOUR LADY-LOVE'S CHAIR, CUSHIONS, OR NOVEL, WHEN ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT IT IS "SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE DECK."

OF CRITICS.

[“The persons who sneer at a public success are wallowing in the backwater of their own incompetence.”—*Mr. Hall Caine*.]

WHEN carping critics preach and prate,
And when they try to tell us
That greatness is not really great,
We know what's wrong: they're jealous.
Their sight is crossed; to men of sense
It must quite clearly follow
That in their own incompetence
They wallow.

And when I see such fellows write
Their vitriolic pages
All filled with jealousy and spite,
The wrath within me rages.
Their criticism is absurd,
And their pretensions hollow;
They cannot judge us—in a word
They wallow.

What right have they to think they know
Real drama? Could they ever
Compose Eternal Cities? No!
Or even *Hamlets*? Never!
The sickly offspring of their brains
The public would not swallow,
And since they cannot be all CAINES,
They wallow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (A. AND C. BLACK) makes its appearance in anticipation of the New Year. It is fifty-five years old, and shows in its figure something of that embonpoint which gentlemen (even ladies) occasionally acquire at a similar age. The circumstance is pleasing and encouraging as indicating that the list of persons qualified to find a place in its pages is increasing. In other words Great Britain is, among civilised nations, growing Who's Whoer than ever. In order to prevent the volume becoming unwieldy, various tables appearing in earlier editions have been eliminated to make room for the newcomers to the circle of the elect. This, though inevitable, is regrettable, regret not being soothed by promise of the Publishers to re-issue the tables in a handy form. How would it be as an alternative to cut down the autobiographies somewhat? In the vast majority of cases the materials supplied by the pleased subjects are masterfully condensed. By odd accident the longest, most minute in detail, and most laudatory in tone is that under the name of MARIE CORELLI, whose aversion to self-advertisement is well known. Next in length is that of MR. BURDETT-COUTTS, M.P. My Baronite will undertake to say that nothing would please this modest couple more than to find in the next edition of this indispensable work that the editor's blue pencil has been vigorously at play on pages 190 and 294.

My Hibernian retainer writes of the new volume by MARTIN ROSS and E. GE. SOMERVILLE:—

“All ye who found joy in the *Irish R. M.*,
Of rollicking humour that emerald gem,
Your grave obligations immediately shunt,
And revel forthwith in the *Patrick's Day Hunt*—
A galloping medley of picture and brogue,
Describing the chase of the little red rogue.
The publisher's CONSTABLE, shortly to be
Enrolled in the ranks of the famed R. I. C.”

The Prig in Prison would be, thinks the Baron, a more suitable title for a work, which he has just perused, called *Twenty-five Years in Prisons*, by No. 7 (F. E. ROBINSON).

The “illustrations by FRANK WRIGHT” are—well—wright enough, but the matter is only occasionally interesting. With so much literary talent as has sufficed for this book, surely the writer need not have been necessarily acquainted with more than one prison, if any.

“Better late than never,” quoth the Baron as, while casually looking over some odd volumes, he found that he had overlooked one among them, published about a year ago, entitled *Fables de Le Puits (De Sagesse), Arrière-petit-fils de La Fontaine, d'après un Manuscrit non encore retrouvé, par Max Hecht* (FIELD PEARSON & CO.). In this little volume of eccentric verse the go-as-you-please French, in which Kiki Du MAURIER would have delighted, is very amusing, the author apologising for it prefatally, thus:

Lecteurs, si ce volume
Qui sort de mon enclume
Choque votre grammaire,

Et votre dictio[n]
Tire-lon-lon,
Faites-en votre deuil :
Car moi, je m'en bats l'œil.
Tira-lon-laire.

Among the many good things in this work, which by this time must be nigh upon two years of age, the Baron signalises one, “*Le Diplomate et La Tortue*,” for the special attention of those to whom the collection is a stranger.

Among Christmassy and Newyears Books Phil Robinson's *Bubble and Squeak* (IBISTER & CO.) will be found not only amusing, but also, as, for example, in the visits to the Zoo, far more interesting than the nonsensical title would have led anyone to expect. The absurd sketches by J. A. SHEPHERD are excellent specimens of his eccentric humour, and the life-like animal portraits by CECIL ALDIN are admirable.

And so to writers, printers, publishers, and readers, A Very Prosperous and Happy New Year is, on this New Year's Eve, the salutation of yours, all of you, sincerely and heartily,

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HAPPY CHANCE.

On happy and delightful Chance!
By all men ardently pursued,
Swift through a tangled maze you dance;
Your trailing skirts their grasp elude;
And none your airy flight may stem,
Or catch your gauzy garment's hem.

Now from a mine the maiden smiles,
And now the mart her quips control.
Her lures outmatch the merchant's wiles;
Her glamour cheats the poet's soul;
And kings and outcasts, at her glance,
Meet in the race for Happy Chance.

Myself have followed, followed far,
O'er barren wastes and blustering seas;
Have swum the flood and leaped the bar,
Nor sought nor gained a moment's ease.
No toil, no daring could advance
My vain pursuit of Happy Chance.

And still throughout this waning year
I thought to seize her at the last,
For, lo, sometimes she drew me near—
Then with a laugh the vision passed;
And I, whom she could so entrance,
Still failed to clutch my Happy Chance.

New Year! attend, and hear me swear
I would not hold her if I might!
So let her still be far and fair,
And unpossessed, and still a sprite.
Pursuit and failure but enhance
The high delights of Happy Chance.

R. C. L.

AMANDA'S CAKE.

"CAKE, dear?" said AMANDA, with a veiled eagerness which aroused my suspicions; and her hand shook as she laboriously hacked out for me a generous slice. Also the cake had, to my mind, an unusual appearance. It was flatter than most cakes, with a curious depression in the middle; its complexion was brunette—almost negro—though it did its best to hide the fact under a heavy powdering of sugar. Even my masculine mind realised that this cake was not as other cakes.

"I—I hope it is nice?" said AMANDA.

"I haven't tasted it yet," I answered cautiously; and I bit a piece out of my slice, and laid the rest of it hastily down. My suspicions took a definite and terrible form. I had no ground at all for supposing that my wife wished to poison me, but—"AMANDA," said I sternly, "what is this?"

"It is a cake that I have made myself!" said AMANDA, flushed and beaming.

I gasped, and was silent.

"I saw in *Home Chirps*," AMANDA continued blithely, "that home-made cakes are much better and much cheaper than bought cakes, so I thought I would try. It is quite easy. I shall always make them at home now! Of course this one may not be quite right—"

She was waiting to be contradicted. I answered guardedly that it was not absolutely like a shop cake.

"Oh, well, it is the first I ever made, you see!" said AMANDA. "And *Home Chirps* says that a little practice is the only thing necessary."

"It is a little—*gritty*," said I, hunting for the least offensive word.

"Oh, that is entirely my fault, then!" AMANDA assured me cheerfully. "*Home Chirps* did say that the currants should be washed, but it hardly seemed worth while. I can do it another time, though."

"It seems rather hard on the outside, too," I remarked, trying vainly to make an impression on the adamantine crust.

"Yes, I did burn it a little," AMANDA admitted. "But I hoped that you would not notice. I burnt my hand too—look!"

"AMANDA," I cried hastily, "that settles the question. I cannot have your pretty hands spoilt."

"I don't mind a bit—for *you*, dear," said AMANDA. "It is quite reward enough for me to see you enjoying something I have made. Won't you have some more? Why, you haven't finished your first piece! Oh, LAWRENCE, don't you *like* my cake?"

"I appreciate your kind thought immensely, darling," said I. "But—"



G. L. SEAMAN.

Blind Man (who has just been given a penny). "THANK YOU, AND WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR, BEAUTIFUL LADY."

Lady. "D' YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAYS TO ME? THE WRETCH MUST BE ABLE TO SEE!"

"But not my cake?" cried AMANDA, on the brink of tears.

"I suppose the fact is, that I have got used to shop cakes," I said desperately.

"But I shall be able to make them better than any shop—with a little practice," AMANDA persisted. "Why shouldn't I? It's only just eggs and sugar and butter—why shouldn't I be able to mix them just as well as a cook in a shop?"

I held my tongue, and stared at the depression in the middle of the cake.

"The fact is, you don't think I am clever enough to make a cake!" cried AMANDA tempestuously; and she helped herself to a large slice with ostentation.

Shortly afterwards I felt bound to remark that we had made it a rule not to feed Carlo at meal-times.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted by my own husband!" said AMANDA,

rising in her wrath. "But I don't care in the least. I shall just go on practising, till even you own that I can make a cake as good as any shop!" And so swept out of the room, and left me forlorn and hopeless.

There was no knowing how this new development might end. Visions of underdone mutton and leaden pastry rose before my mind's eye, and filled me with exceeding horror. Something must be done to avert the impending tragedy. Seized with a sudden inspiration I glanced hurriedly at the clock, and snatched up my hat. It was still early; I had a clear two hours before dinner.

I went to Madame FLEURETTE's establishment for the first and, I fervently hope, the last time. To a mere man, not conspicuously brave, it is a place of terror: my dreams will be haunted to my dying day by the air and demeanour

of the imposing personage who demanded my pleasure at the door, and the icy manners and French accent of the young damsel to whose tender mercies I was finally handed over. She seemed to have a difficulty in understanding what I wanted, or in believing in my sanity when she did understand. She persisted in trying to convince me that I wanted the finished production, and not the raw material; she seemed hurt, and even offended, to find that I knew my own mind, and meant to have what I asked for. Finally she gave in, and supplied me with my demands in a huge pasteboard box, at an appalling price. Worn out, but triumphant, I drove home in a hansom, stole into the house unseen of AMANDA, and locked myself into my den.

It was a Herculean task. Never in my life have I done a harder day's work: never again shall I be able to complain of the cost of Madame FLEURETTE's confections, knowing, as I do by personal experience, the vast amount of labour they entail. I will confess frankly that, even in the end, it was not an unqualified success; but it was certainly quaint and unique, and AMANDA is never likely to have anything in the least like it again. I tied it up securely in its box, and marched boldly into the drawing-room.

She had not forgiven me. It was hardly to have been expected. She sat stiff and upright by the window, with her eyes glued to her book, and would neither look nor speak.

"I have brought you something," I said tentatively.

"Oh!" said AMANDA, without looking up.

I put the box before her. "You said the other day something about wanting a new hat," I remarked meekly.

AMANDA struggled vainly with her pride. Then she observed in an off-hand way that it was really very sweet of me, and cut the string. There was a moment's awful pause.

"What—is—this?" said AMANDA faintly, holding it out at arm's length.

I replied boldly: "It is a hat. I have trimmed it myself."

"A hat—that you have trimmed!" AMANDA turned it over and burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," I remarked stiffly.

"Oh, LAWRENCE, it's too funny for words!" gasped AMANDA. "Look at the feather! Look at the seven little roses all in a row! And don't you see that you've made the bent part the back, when it ought to be the front?"

"Do you mean to imply that I can't trim a hat?" I inquired, in a tone of deep offence. "Why shouldn't I be able to do it just as well as Madame

FLEURETTE? It's only straw and flowers and ribbon."

There was a dead silence. AMANDA had stopped laughing.

"The fact is," I continued bitterly, "I suppose you think I'm not clever enough to trim a hat! I intend to trim all your hats in future. Home-trimmed hats are both cheaper and better than the bought kind. With a little practice—"

My remarks became incoherent, and then ceased abruptly, for the excellent reason that both AMANDA's hands were over my mouth. "LAWRENCE," she observed very softly in my ear, "shall we go out now and buy a real good cake at the best confectioner's? We have just time before dinner."

"All right," I responded amiably; "and then you might as well go on to FLEURETTE's and see about a hat. I won't go in with you, but I'll wait any reasonable length of time outside."

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN DORA dons her Spring attire,
And trips abroad to take the air,
Expectant neighbours all admire
Her virgin grace and beauty rare;
And as through primrose paths alone
We wander, while the woodlands ring,
I vow my heart has never known
So passionate a love (in Spring).

When April joys have passed away,
And gorgeous Summer rules supreme,
Among the girls who coastward stray
My DAPHNE is a perfect dream;
And when beside the sea we stand,
And watch its wayward twists and
twirls,

I clasp my darling DAPHNE's hand,
And own her Queen of (Summer) girls.

When Autumn cools Apollo's fire,
And Nature wears a russet hue,
What sweeter sport could heart desire
Than nutting in the lanes with PRUE?
That Quaker bonnet softly shades
A dimpled cheek I've oft caressed—
Ah, yes, of all delicious maids
My PRUE is much the (Autumn) best.

But oh, as Winter's choleric stirs,
And frost is rife, and tempests beat,
Fair Ivy, warm in gloves and furs,
With grateful glance I turn to greet.
Her sunny smile and voice of gold
Amid the gloom such bliss recall
That, come what will, I proudly hold
My (Winter) love surpasses all.

THE WELSH EIGHTY CLUB.—The *Daily Mail* of the 17th inst. under "items of interest" inserts the following:

"Only persons over eighty are allowed to join one of the classes at a Llandudno Sunday School."

SOME POLICIES FOR 1903.

It is now possible to insure against appendicitis, a premium of five shillings securing a return of £200. We venture to suggest that the field might be still further extended so as to include certain other sporting contingencies. For instance:

Against the ever-increasing necessity of buying trinkets and other useless Christmas tributes to persons who don't want them, birthday gifts to people who would rather not be reminded of the flight of time, and wedding presents to couples you will never be likely to see again.

Against street acquaintances of a fugitive nature who are addicted to borrowing loans so small that you don't like to ask for them to be repaid.

Against being summoned to serve on a jury or inquest, or to undergo similar interesting penalties of citizenship.

Against the invidiousness of the hedge-row constable, when motoring through darkest Surrey or sleepiest Sussex.

Against all business losses and wear of temper caused by delays on certain railway lines and streets under repair.

Against invitations to country houses, and the exorbitant tips required by their gamekeepers and domestics.

Against unforeseen Christmas boxes and unsuspected claims in general on the British householder's generosity.

Against bad luck at Bridge and Billiards.

Against too rapid changes of fashion, necessitating unusually frequent interviews of your wife with the dressmaker and milliner.

Against your own tailor's bills.

Against overdrafts in one's banking account.

Against the rejection of MSS. by editors and ladies to whom you are, or would like to be, engaged.

Against missing your train or the last bus.

Against losing the next Derby sweep-stake.

Against failing to purchase *Mr. Punch's* Vol. CXXIII., and studying it from cover to cover.

We leave to more practised accountants the task of calculating the respective premiums, but trust that these lucrative risks will be taken up at once by the various Insurance Companies.

An Inquiring Correspondent writes:—Sir, I have often heard "The Canons of Good Taste" quoted as authorities. To what ecclesiastical establishment do they belong? What are these canonries worth per annum, or are they merely honorary appointments?—Yours,

A MATTEROFACTOR.

LETTERS FROM JOE.

II.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Although passengers are forbidden to cross the line, we have done it. Great fun! Not even the House on an Irish night equals the heat of the Equator. Neptune came aboard early — rather like WILLIAM ALLAN—and I was carefully shaved, but not, I regret to say, by a Birmingham razor. Subsequently he conferred upon me the freedom of the sea, which may



Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher. be useful on Naval nights when ARNOLD-FORSTER is in difficulties. He also conferred on me the Most Noble Order of the Sardine, a Mediterranean decoration, which will turn PELLETAN green with jealousy. One has to go to sea to get advantages like these.

We landed soon after at Mombasa, and I hurried through the recent cables. Very useful having a thoughtful fellow like AUSTEN as P.M.G. I was amused by the Venezuelan difficulty. What a time you are having, my dear ARTHUR! But you have no notion how remote, how unreal all this trouble with CASTRO seems to me out here under this tropical sky. And yet the name CASTRO has a strangely familiar sound. Why, of course, the Claimant called himself CASTRO when he lived at Wagga-Wagga. That, of course, accounts for the President's hoisting the "Jolly Roger!"

Your Education agony seems to be nearing an end. That titled relative of yours is peculiarly *dificile* now and then. Dr. CLIFFORD will be sure to label you The Two Cozens. By the way, AUSTEN posted me your pamphlet, too. A fine piece of work, ARTHUR, but not so strong in invective as others might have made it — one other at any rate. Why mince matters so? Whenever you see a head,

hit it, is the true principle in political controversy—or, as they would say here, whenever you see an enemy, eat him.

At Mombasa we had a curious instance of the power of a Colonial Secretary. Orchids have never grown here before. But just before we arrived a charming assortment sprang up in the night, like mushrooms, and were presented to us by a nice little English girl of four, who seems to have settled here for the purpose.

The English are truly a wonderful people! I expected to lunch off tough elephant steak and fricassée *okapi*; and really they couldn't have done us better at the Athenaeum. By the way, FAWKES, who has a rough maritime humour, made a rather good joke at lunch. He said, "The elephants must make you feel at home, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, because, as of course you know, they're preserved on account of their Ighbury tusks."

From Mombasa we went by train to Nairobi (which sounds like the name of your uncle's black man). Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher, but caught, I regret to say, no cows—so I have nothing to send to JESSE but my unalterable love. We slept on the Miau summit, where FAWKES (owing to his fine appetite we call him "Knives and Forks") invited us to have "summit to eat," but we were not, as you may conjecture, kept awake by cats.

Nairobi is an enterprising little town, quite a young Birmingham—"well laid out" was the epithet I applied to it in the infectious warmth of the banquet—but more interesting than Birmingham in its natives, the Masai, who went through the convolutions of a war dance for me, with the coffee and liqueurs. FAWKES said that the band



The Masai Waltz.

was playing the overture to *Masainello*, but you know I'm not musical. To me it sounded much more like "Tom-tom, the Piper's son." I took some snapshots of the scene for BRODRICK. Perhaps the weakness of our Army is due to the absence of war-dances. I must go into the question when I get back. Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home. I kodaked three for their ingratiating resemblance to C.-B., HARCOURT, and FOWLER.

Yours loyally as ever, JOE.

P.S.—We have seen some natives suffering from that terrible scourge, the sleeping sickness. Judging from the symptoms I feel sure that this is the cause of D-V-NSH-RE's disconcerting fits of coma.



Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIV.—JO SATURNALIA!

AFTER as careful consideration as my frozen brain is at present capable of giving to any subject, I have come to the conclusion that there can be no nearer imitation of the North Pole than the platform of this local London station at a quarter of an hour before midnight this New Year's Eve. A few pinched passengers besides myself, having been informed that the Rishall train is the next, tramp noisily up and down the wintry waste, breathing visible blasts upon their blue fingers, envying even the pale young lady encased in the glass Temperance Bar; even she has wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, and is warming her hands against the coffee tank. For nearly ten minutes the train indicator has mocked us with a blank glassy stare; now at last a faint rumble is heard from the tunnel, and we stride expectantly to the edge of the platform. A youthful official approaches the indicator, and at last with a rattle it throws some meaning into its empty countenance.

"Hash Hannigan an' He Haw Hain—her har horward," observes the official cheerfully.

We all brighten considerably except a man with side-whiskers, who for some time has been holding the official personally responsible for the Company's refusal to provide trains every five minutes to Dumbleham.

The rumble grows louder and louder, and we make our way forward to be ready to enter. At last the engine light appears at the further end, and then, with a vast deal of rumbling and clanking, an asthmatic goods-train lumbers slowly along the platform and past us out of the station.

There is a general thirst for the blood of the youthful official. For my own part I turn on my heel and pass from the icy gales of the platform into a barren little refrigerator of a waiting-room adjoining the Refreshment Bar, and separated from it by a ground-glass partition, through which I see shrouded in mist the ghostly outlines of Bovril jars and coffee cups. Three minutes of this is enough for me, finding as I do the sole difference to consist in the fact that the cold is concentrated here instead of movable.

I am further attracted by peculiar scuffling and whooping noises from the platform, and passing out again find there has been a new arrival in the person of a happy gentleman in lavender trousers, accompanied by a shiny lady in red velvet. The pair are engaged in a species of Anglo-Highland fling, to which the gentleman, perspiring freely, chants a kind of hymn to the effect that,

"Whatever may come
(Chi idleum dum)
We'll merrily sing
God save the KING:—
Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike chi idleum
dike chi ay."

The lady contents herself with joining in the last line, which is obviously regarded by both as the most important part of the declaration. It is at this stage that they link arms, duck their heads madly, and stamp round in a circle. In the course of this latter part of the figure the gentleman cannons violently into the disagreeable man with side-whiskers, nearly throwing him on to the line. Side-Whiskers grabs his hat and recovers his balance.

"Steady, ole man," remarks the other cheerfully. "y' nearly 'ad me over. Come on, TILLY. Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike."

Side-Whiskers splutters wildly.

"What the — conf — d — ! " he observes eventually, but the pair have resumed their dance with no abatement of spirit. Side-Whiskers diverts his wrath on to the youthful official.

"When's this train coming?" he demands savagely. "Of all the scandalous mismanagement I ever—I—I shall go by cab next time. I—I don't care if it costs me half-a-sovereign!"

The youthful official is on the whole, I should think, glad to hear it. Meanwhile the jovial pair have abandoned Terpsichore for the superior diversion of playing hide-and-seek round the outside of the waiting-room. In course of time the shiny lady appears among us, bubbling insanely, and noticing Side-Whiskers, who is truculently scanning a time-table board, conceals herself behind his back. Soon her swain appears, espies his quarry, and makes for her with roars of delight. The lady dodges between Side-Whiskers and the time-table, and the swain following her, a chase ensues round and round that spluttering citizen, who has been suddenly aroused to an understanding of his own function in the game.

"Confound you — what the — get away!" he gasps irritably, spinning round on his axis, "hi you! woman!"

Her swain suddenly pauses.

"Orl right ole man, no 'arm done," he observes easily. "Ave a glass o' somethink?"

"No," returns Side-Whiskers shortly.

"Oh—beg yer pawdon," says the swain. "Teetoraller? Then 'ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers makes no answer.

"Go on yer dirty-tempered brute," observes the lady shrilly; "no one ain't done you no 'arm, 'ave they?"

"You leave 'im alone, TILLY," says her swain cheerily. "E's orl right 'e is. We're seein' it in, mister, that's

orl. Noo Year's time. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers, very red in the face, turns on his heel.

"Worro mister," urges the swain, following him round, "don't go gettin' the pahder alight abaht it. We ain't no 'arm. We're enjoyin' of ourselves."

"Don't yer want no one else t' enjoy themselves?" demands the lady with hostility.—"Ole Kroojer-Whiskers?"

"E's orl right, TILLY," resumes the swain, "I'm explainin' of it to 'im. Tell yer wot it is. I'm an Englishman. Noo Year's time I enjoy myself —like a man."

"Disagreeable tyke," puts in the lady. "You ought t' ave whiskers you did."

"Like a man," repeats her swain; "that's wot I do."

He pauses, meditating darkly.

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," he adds with feeling.

"Whiskers," continues the lady, "like a—like a great—"

The lady is obviously in difficulties for a simile, but eventually concludes triumphantly with "drummerderry."

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," repeats the swain with pride. "I see it in—like a man. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

"I wouldn't 'ave whiskers like a drummerderry," declares the lady with conviction.

"You leave 'is whiskers alone, TILLY," says her swain, "they ain't doin' you no 'arm. E's orl right 'e is. E's enjoyin' of 'imself. Like a man. No Anarchists 'ere. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

At this stage of the dialogue the youthful official approaching the indicator confidently forecasts the Rishall train, adds the same loose oral interpretation as before, and is forthwith put to confusion by the arrival of a train indisputably marked Dumbleham. Side-Whiskers, still bristling with indignation, enters a first-class carriage. The convivial pair frolic down to the third-class end, where they suddenly link hands and begin to sing, and are eventually hustled into the train at the last moment by the guard, loudly asserting their intention of taking a right gude willie-waught for auld lang syne.

The train streams out and we are left shivering on the platform, which seems suddenly colder and bleaker than before. Even the Temperance Bar has been closed for the night by the pale young lady, who has put on her hat and jacket and is departing briskly up the steps. At the top I hear her exchange a remark with the ticket-collector. I look at the clock and find that the New Year has begun.



BEFORE THE ICE WILL BEAR.

A Mid-Winter Day's Dream.



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—NO. 1.

Tommy (popping in and out of formidable-looking brook, which has stopped a number of the field). "FORWARD ON! FORWARD ON! DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY A FOOT DEEP!"

TO WILLIAM (WHOM WE HAVE MISSED).

BRIGHT are the days which the Fates hold in store for us,
 BUFFALO BILL, you are with us at last.
Magical name! What a joy it once bore for us!
 How it recalls all the tales of the past,
 Some that we read of in prose or in verse,
 Others, perhaps, which we heard from our nurse.
Tales of the days when to rob and assassinate
 Filled the poor Indian with exquisite glee,
Formed an amusement which ne'er ceased to fascinate,
 Set up his health like a week by the sea.
Nothing could hinder his playful proclivities,
 Till you looked in on the genial festivities.
They, as a pigeon attempts to fly from a hawk,
 Hastily winging its way through the blue,
So did the reveller, dropping his tomahawk,
 Flee at the sight, Colonel Cody, of you.
 Glancing behind with uneasiness palpable,
 Feeling his, too, was a head that was scalpable.
And, at the speed at which lovers, who pant, elope,
 You, with a look both determined and grim,
Covered the ground like an ostrich or antelope,
 Thoroughly bent upon collaring him.
 That was the duty you owed the community,
 Not to allow him to raid with impunity.

Once I considered these tales of your quality

Nought but a beautiful, wonderful myth,
Scorned to believe that you were, in reality,
 Merely a mortal like BROWN, JONES, and SMITH.
Briefly, I classed you with ORSON's friend VALENTINE,
ROBINSON CRUSOE, and heroes of BALLANTYNE.

Now that the years have brought hairs that are silvery,
 Ills that are painful, and views that are fresh,
Only in one thing unchanged, I am still very
 Anxious to look upon you in the flesh.

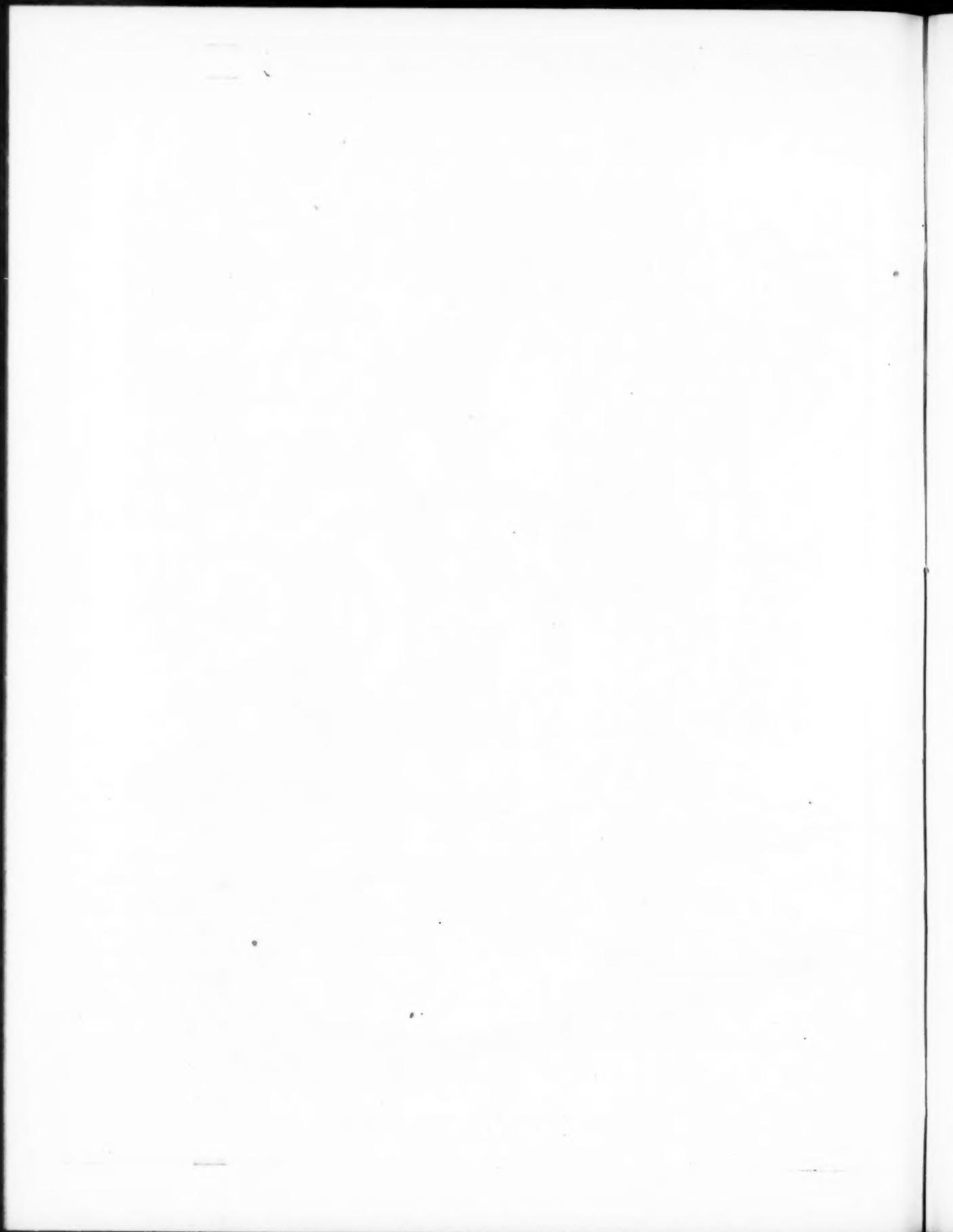
Last time I saw you not (owing to gout) at all.
 SQUILLS would not hear of my venturing out at all.

WILLIAM, I'm loth to examine futurity,
 Speak as a prophet regarding your show,
Say if the pageant is doomed to obscurity,
 Or, on the contrary, if it will "go,"
Whether 'twill charm or displease, when we view it, us.
Accurate forecasts are very fortuitous.

Still, when your ochred and plume-covered savages
 Make preparations for raising the hair,
And when your Cowboys are stemming their ravages,
 I, it may please you to know, shall be there.
One, if no more, of the thousands who pen you in
 Looks on your feats with a pleasure that's genuine.



HIS LAST APPEARANCE.





Fitzfoozle (a beginner, who is "teaching" a lady on the men's links, and loses a club). "PARDON ME, SIR. HAVE YOU SEEN A LADY'S CLUB ANYWHERE?"

Admiral Peppercorn (very irate at being delayed, wishes ladies would play on their own course). "NO, SIR; BUT THERE'S A GOOSE CLUB AT THE 'PIG AND WHISTLE,' I BELIEVE. TRY THAT!"

THE DREAM.

With mellow, long, deliberate stroke
Great Tom the midnight silence broke,
And straightway with amœbic clang
The hundred bells of Oxford rang
A merry welcome, blithe and clear,
To usher in the new-born year.
I sat with sported oak—heigho!
How many, many years ago!—
And snoozing in my great arm-chair
With nodding HOMER nodded there.

Scarce had I sunk in slumber deep,
Scarce were my loosened limbs asleep,
When, daring *Mrs. Grundy's* frown,
And Vice, austere in cap and gown,
And all the Academic law,
Two maidens entered. One I saw
Was sad and solemn, and I caught
On her pale brow the cast of thought.
Her mien was noble; from her eyes
A great soul shone, APOLLO-wise,
Irradiating all her face
With some sweet, subtle, nameless
grace.

In gorgeous raiment, gaily slashed
With cloth of gold, the other flashed.
Bright diamonds glittered in her hair,
And on her breast were diamonds
rare.

So gay her garb, so strong the light
That sparkled from those facets bright,
So rich and wonderful the lace
I had no thought to mark her face.
She stood beside me. "Follow me,
And fortune shall be thine," said she.
"For I am Trade, and in my hands
Is all the wealth of all the lands.
Fair palaces and gardens gay
To whom I love I give away,
With acres spreading broad; a stud
Of thorough-breds of purest blood,
And funkeys waiting in the hall
To do their master's bidding—all
That heart of man can want. Be mine,
And great possessions shall be thine."

Then spake the second: "I am Art:
On other things I set my heart:
I strive to win another goal;
She loves the body, I the soul.
With me thou shalt not, lord-like, fare
On dainty meats and vintage rare;
Of things like this thy thoughts are few
When it is given to pursue
The Good, the Beautiful, the True.
Ennobling aims, ideals high,
These shall be thine!"

"Enough!" said I,
"The richer, though the poorer, part
I choose me. I am thine, O Art."

To-night again, with sported oak,
I sit in Garden Court and smoke
Beside my dying fire, and hear
Big Ben boom in another year,
While endless bells take up the
tale,

And bid the new-born infant hail.
Upon my knee a sheet lies fair—
For weeks it has been lying there
In faith and patient expectation
Awaiting Art and inspiration.
But she is fickle; she delights
To win herself new proselytes,
The while she leaves me to my
fate—

The terrors of an empty pate.

O mistress mine, when I reflect
How Trade her minions doth protect,
How King of Corpus drives his pair,
And owns a mansion in Mayfair,
How JONES of Jesus entertains
The peerage on the best champagnes,
(Though KING and JONES were utter
fools,
And scarcely scrambled through their
schools)—

How can I but regret the part
I chose in choosing you, O Art,
Upon that New Year's Eve—heigho,
How many, many years ago!



THE TABLES TURNED.

Fair Girl (on sofa, to her neighbour during New Year's Eve Festivity). "How DELIGHTFUL it must be for you, Mrs. FEATHERSTONE, to HEAR ALL THE DEAR PROFESSOR'S LECTURES!"
Mrs. Featherstone. "Oh, I NEVER HEAR HIS LECTURES. But HE'LL HAVE TO HEAR ONE OF MINE TO-NIGHT!"



IT was daybreak at Delhi, and the domes and minarets of the capital of the Moguls were flushed with auroral splendours. The vast amphitheatre of the Coronation Durbar, soon to be thronged with busy workmen hastening the great work, was deserted save for a solitary figure, rotund with the graceful curves of eternal juvenility and mounted on a coal-black elephant.

Need it be said that it was Mr. PUNCH, who, true to his character of universal supervisor, was taking a final look round at the preparations for the great *tamasha*.

The city of tents lay silent beneath the amber glow of the newly risen sun as Mr. PUNCH passed to the parade ground. Suddenly he became aware of the approach of a magnificent white elephant, bearing on its back a sumptuously caparisoned howdah, from the recesses of which peered the bright eyes of the ever vigilant VICEROY, who also was upon a mission of matutinal surveillance.

"Mr. PUNCH, I presume?" observed the exalted personage.

"Howdah do, your Excellency?" replied the Potentate, condescending to a verbal pleasantry. "I thought to find no one here, but *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. I hope I see you well."

"You do," responded Lord CURZON. "Nothing has occurred so far to impair my imperdurbability. Excuse me; but your example is infectious." The Sage condoned the indiscretion with a gracious nod, and the VICEROY continued, "The absence of Mr. W. S. CAINE, M.P., is a surprise, but we submit to it with resignation. Everything has been done, humanly speaking, to render the function a conspicuous success. The elephants, in Lord KITCHENER's phrase, are splendid. The sunshades are like Ascot. It is giving India a great leg-up, I can assure you. And time too; the world's eye has been upon Africa far too long."

The Sage acquiesced.

"And how are they getting on in England, Mr. PUNCH; for 'what can we know of England who only India know?'"

"Well, Sir, I don't think you have missed so very much. We are getting more and more cosmopolitan at home. Literature monopolised by the Boer Generals. Foreign policy dictated by the Germans. London undermined by Mr. YERKES."

"But surely Oxford stands where it did?"

"For the present. But, to quote our old friend GALILEO, it moves. The colonists and Americans are upon it, the RHODES scholars draw nearer every minute."

"Well, speaking as a Fellow of All Souls, I have no tremors as to the result. But you have not finished your report of home news yet."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH. "There remain three great events--three good things to look back upon: the Peace, the KING's recovery, and his Coronation."

"And now," added Lord CURZON, "India has an Emperor of her own for the first time."

"Well, she deserves it," replied Mr. PUNCH with enthusiasm. "We owe a great deal to India, and I am sure you could suggest many other ways in which we could profit by her example."

"True," replied the VICEROY. "What we have done for English cricket needs no commendation of mine. But, as you hint, much might yet be profitably borrowed from the East. The elephant, for example, now that horseflesh seems likely to be superseded by petrol. I recommend the suggestion to the Surrey magistrates. I see that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been riding on a cow-catcher. How much more impressive would his progress have been had he been mounted on a cow elephant! Again, why not employ punkahs to ventilate the Tube? If I had not been engaged in my campaign against absentee Rajahs and white Baboos, reorganising the University system, and nursing my new province--the G. N. Chersonese as they call it--I should have reported to the Home Government in favour of some or all of these innovations."

"I fear," said Mr. PUNCH, "that your Excellency is overwhelmed by your multifarious labours."

"Yes," responded the VICEROY, "I am. Formerly I had time to write books; now I have not the leisure even to read them. Still, my life has its alleviations. The burden of office is heavy, but the VICEREINE--"

"Helps," Mr. PUNCH interjected, with a charming smile, "to make it LEITER."

The VICEROY beamed with pleasure. "However," he continued, "when these arduous festivities have been completed, I propose to give myself a holiday, and then I shall take to reading again."

At this juncture Mr. PUNCH slid from his well-trained steed, clapped his hands thrice, and there immediately appeared upon the scene from the Sage's chryselephantine pagoda a thousand ebon slaves bearing a handsome filigree casket, which, with a profound salaam, they deposited at his feet.

"Ah, your Excellency, that reminds me," said Mr. PUNCH, "that I have brought with me a magic gift--the best companion for a busy man who has no time to read ordinary books; the best guide to the exile from England who wishes to know how the old country is faring; the best adviser in all seasons of difficulty and stress; the best tonic for a mind fatigued; the best token of kindness that could pass from Bouverie Street to yourself."

At these words the friendly and intelligent pachyderm extended his trunk, and lifted into the air Mr. PUNCH's

"One Hundred and Twenty-Third Volume."





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